CANADA'S CENSUS

A THIRTY-TWO PER CENT INCREASE IN THE PAST TEN YEARS.

That Canada has come rapidly to the front in the past ten years is amply shown in the results of the census recently made public. The population of the Dominion is now placed at 7,081,869, which with outlying points to be heard from, may bring it up to 7¼ millions as compared with 5,371,315 in 1901. Though these figures are large, they do not present a total as large as was expected but they do show a greater increase of percentage in population for the decade than any similar increase in the United States. The highest percentage ever reached by the Republic was 24%; the percentage of increase in Canada for the decade is 32%. Thus it will be seen that the provinces west of the lakes, with the great broad fertile acres ready for the sowing and immediate reaping of grain and the Valleys of British Columbia capable of producing fruit with which to supply its neighboring provinces east of the mountains, have attracted numbers, which has exceeded the most optimistic of the expectations of ten years ago.

Upon the prairies of the ten years ago there was but a spare scattering of people; but today, no matter in which way you go, take any direction, and you find homes and farms and good ones too, occupied by the very best class of people in good sized settlements with plenty of room for five or six times as many more. The population of Alberta is set down at 372,919, as compared with 73,022 in 1901; Saskatchewan 453,508 as compared with 91,270 in 1901; Manitoba's 454,691 compares well with its 255,211 in 1901; and so does that of British Columbia—362,768 as against 178,657 in 1901; but in a territory as large as this a population of 1,643,000 is little more than discernible in point of numbers. The work through it has been great. Look at the towns that have been built up; its cities, Winnipeg with 135,000; Vancouver with upwards of 100,000; Calgary with 43,000; Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon; Lethbridge; Medicine Hat, Moosejaw, splendid cities—none better anywhere; well maintained and equipped. These have come with existence and been built as they have been built by reason of the splendid agricultural country by which they are surrounded. The population is scarcely discernible. A population ten or twelve times that shown by the recent census could be easily maintained in even greater wealth than that which maintains the present numbers. There is certainly a wonderful future for Western Canada and that which goes to the development of the west will enrich the last. This is the growing time in Canada and what has been done in the past ten years is but a beginning. The next decade will show a far greater advancement. In the meantime Canada is bidding welcome the progressive and industrious citizen. The invitation is a standing one. At the forthcoming land exposition in Chicago, Canada will have one of the best exhibits of farm products that has ever been made and it will be well worth while inspecting it and getting information from those who may be in charge.

Fever's On.

"There's no fever like the football fever," said George H. Earle, Jr., at a dinner party in Philadelphia. "Let me tell you about a broker's boy in Third street.

"A Third street broker sat at his desk the other morning when his office boy entered and said respectfully:

"'If you please, sir, my grandfather's dead and I'd like to get off early to go to the funeral match—I mean the football ceremony—that is—'

"And then, blushing scarlet, the boy withdrew."

Only a few people can follow the lines of least resistance and obey the alarm clock at the same time.

TAKING TOLL of the BABIES

YES, why? Today it is one of he crying evils of the United States. Recently the National Child Labor committee has been holding a comprehensive exhibit in New York City of the horrors and evils that follow the slavery of little children in our mills and mines. The evidence of the camera, the bald facts of statistics and government reports have told the story only too truly. Few today realize that such things can be.

Hundred of thousands of children have grown old before their time; hundreds of thousands more have been crippled for life at an age when they ought to be running in the woods and fields. Thousands have died before they had even begun to live. And of all the misery and injury and vice and disease and death—it is too shocking to be more than hinted at!

The exhibit which the public saw in the rooms at Fourth avenue and Twentieth street has been doing its good work all over the country since last autumn—in fact, it has been a traveling exhibit. Miss Elizabeth McM. Dinwiddie, who is in charge of it, has been from one end of the country to the other, showing it where it could do the most good at the psychological moment. It had been intended to show it in New York first, but urgent reasons called it to other places first.

It was taken to North Carolina, where the inadequate law against child labor is more honored in the breach than in the observance, just at the time that a child labor law was pending in the state legislature. It went to Providence, R. I., in order to meet a federation of women's welfare clubs convened there. It went to the state capitals of Alabama, Tennessee and Wisconsin in the hope of influencing the legislators when influence was badly needed to protect the American child life against the rapacity of money-mad employers.

Better than words do the pictures and posters tell their story of the twentieth century crime against child life. The boys in the coal breakers, the girls in the cotton mills, the kiddies in the night shift at the glass works who ought to have been in bed dreaming of baseball and trout brooks, the anaemic, undersized, over-worried, sickly boys and girls who should have been at school instead of at the machines—they all told their own stories by their faces alone.

Go to the glass work, the mines, the cotton mills, the canneries, the tenements—there you shall see them! In some cases the rapacity of the employers is to blame; in others it is the greed of the parents. In some cases it is both.

"She just happened in," said the burly overseer in a South Carolina cotton mill when an investigator ran across a baby girl of eight tending her "sides" like a veteran. He was lying The child was just as handy and useful as a grown-up and cost only half as much for her labor.

In a Pennsylvania coal-breaker they photographed nine-year-old Leo. He was toiling nine hours a day in grime and dirt for a pitiful wage. And there was found on a musty, dusty school file the sworn affidavit of his parents that he was too sickly to stay in school!

"Four years," answered a good-looking twelve-year-old boy in a South Carolina cotton mill, when asked how long he had been there. He couldn't tell the letter "A" from the letter "B," and didn't know how to spell his own name!

Bob, a boy who worked in the same mill, owned up to fifteen years, and said he had been working there for eight years. He showed it, too, in his overgrown, thin, anaemic frame, and looked fertile ground for the seeds of tuberculosis. His intelligence had stood stationary with the flight of years, and so he was still doing the same thing he had started on—taking off the empty spools from the spindles. Anything more complex was too much for his stunted intelligence.

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania and West Virginia they found boys of twelve masquerading as sixteen. They worked in the damp and darkness alongside of mules and took their lives in their hands every time they went down into the shafts to their daily toil, hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth.

"I haven't grown any in five years," said Charlie, a thin, hollow-chested, anaemic lad of fourteen, with a dull, stupid face. He has been on the night shift for seven years and makes his 60 cents a night.

At Fairmont, W. Va., at work in the "glory hole" of the glass works, where the temperature ranged as high as the human system can stand, there were more boys than men at work.

"The works is cluttered with kids," remarked a native.

One of the saddest cases was that of little Savannah, a frail eleven-year-old

"The boss says she's a cracker-jack at spinning'," declared her gaunt father proudly. "She ain't satisfied unless she's in the mill."

Poor little Savanah owned up that she had never had a doll and never played on Sundays because she was too tired. Her tense, drawn face was that of an old woman.

The gruelling labor of the mould boys in the glass works was really awful. Here were tender youngsters down in cellars guiltless of sunlight, sitting in cramped positions and tending moulds all day long and all night. Other boys worked the molten glass at the furnace maws in heat unbearable by those unaccustomed to it. One baby boy of five was found earning his few pennies a day in the mill where his mother worked. He was too young to go to school! And he was such a golden-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy that it seemed a shame he was doomed there so soon in life.

Of course, fatalities among child toilers are far more numerous than among adults. Obviously youth is less cautious than experience. Not a day passes that death does not take its toll of the child workers and passes along many more to the ranks of the crippled and helpless.

In Pennsylvania the fatalities and accidents to the boys in breakers picking slate out of the coal with their little fingers is 300 per cent higher than among adults and minors over sixteen. In Indiana the physical risk to children in factories under sixteen is 250 per cent. greater than among adults. In Michigan it is 450 per cent. against the child.

Children who go to school under the most objectionable conditions are confined 1,000 hours annually. In Massachusetts the factory child is confined 3,120 hours a year, and in New York where the eight-hour day prevails, he is still subjected to 2,496 hours of confinement.

All states with important canning industries employ children without restriction. They can do the work just as well as adults and for far less pay. In the chief cities, where clothing, artificial flowers and other articles are made in the tenements, there are no laws to protect little children. Three and four-year-old fingers find plenty to do for a few pennies a day more to the family fund.

This tenement-house work, done to save rent, carfares and to impress the children, has other dangers besides those of the child. The consumer is just as likely to become the victim. Physicians who will agree to conceal the contagion from the health authorities are the most popular with the tenement-house workers. Agents found women and children working on garments while children were in the same room suffering with contagious diseases.

In some of these city tenements where the child is put to work as soon as it can use its hands and before it goes to school—nearly always by compulsion from the authorities—two children die for every one in localities where the child is not put to work before its time!

HIS ATTITUDE

By ANNIE HENRICHSEN

The new light in her eyes caught Wayne's attention as soon as he entered the room.

"What is it?" he asked. "Something very good, is it not?"

"You know? How did you find out?"

"I don't know anything. Tell me." She shook her head. "Not yet, Rob."

"Jean," he asked abruptly, "is it about Halstead?'

"No, it is not."

"Some time you will tell me that you intend to marry him and when that time comes—"

"Hush, Rob."

"You love him, don't you?"

"You have no right to question me."

"You know that ever since you were a little girl I have loved you beyond anything in my life. We have been the truest and best of friends But for several months Halstead has had all your time and thoughts. I have no right to complain. You don't love me. I have no claim. Well, we'll not talk of that. You are looking very happy tonight. Something truly great has happened to you. What is it?"

"I'll tell you soon, Rob, but not—not just yet."

She glanced a little anxiously at the clock.

"I am going," he announced. "When you are ready to tell me, Jean, the glorious thing which has added a new charm to the sweetest face in the world, you will find a deeply interested man."

A few minutes later Halstead came.

"How delightful your fire is," he exclaimed as he entered the room.

He sat down in a large easy chair before the hearth. "I have had a busy day," he remarked. "Ive been in court since early this morning."

"A successful lawyer has a hard life. If you were not so brilliant and so clever you would not have to spend all your time handling important cases."

He settled himself more comfortably in his chair and smiled approvingly at her. "I am having a measure of success, of course," he said, a little pompously.

"A great deal of success," she amended.

His smile deepend. "To a man success means more than anything else.

"How Do You Know?"

The power to achieve a definite aim is the most satisfactory gift the gods grant."

"The power to achieve means much to a woman."

"Does it?" he said, a little absently.

"Ambition has its place in a woman's life."

"Certainly it has. Social position, wealth, beauty ,popularity are desires of every woman."

Jean's glowing face lost a little of its joy. "I don't mean those things The world's recognition of one's ability to do something really worth while is as satisfactoy to a woman as it is to a man."

"How do you know?" he asked quizzically.

She turned from him and looked into the blazing fire. Her hands were clasped tightly on her knees. Her breath was coming quickly

"I know," she said softly with the quiet of a great happiness in her voice, "I know, because recognition has come to me."

"To you?"

She nodded, unable for a moment to speak "I have had a book accepted The letter from the publishers came today. I have told no one else. I—I wanted you to be the first to know."

"You have written a book? I did not know you had literary aspirations."

"I have always wanted to do something that would stand as proof that I was not merely an idle, happy girl. I began to write stories while I was still in school. For years I have written constantly and without the least encouragement or success. I have never told my family or my friends. Editors have been bombarded with my unfavorable manuscripts. I have had a long, long time of bitter disappointment and discouragement and heartache. At last the first success has come. Behind it there is a tragedy of many failures. Perhaps that is why, now that it has come, it is very precious; it has cost a great price."

"What sort of story is it?"

"It is the simple little story of the childhood good times of myself and some of my friends. I wrote of the things that as a little girl I loved."

"A juvenile book?" There was distinct disappointment in his voice. "I supposed you had written a novel."

A surprised, startled look came into her eyes. "What difference does it make what sort of book it is?" she asked. "The wonderful thing is that I have done something sufficiently good to win the approval of a critical editor."

"Literature is an interesting vocation," he said, patronizingly. "I am glad you have taken it up. I intend to write a novel when I have time. I may do it next summer during my vacation."

After he had gone she sat for a long time before the fire. There was no joy in her eyes, and her face was white and tired.

A clear, trilling whistle called her from her reverie. She went into the hall and opened the front door.

"Come in, Rob."

"I saw you sitting alone as I came up the street and I saluted you. I didn't expect such good luck as an invitation in. Why, Jean," he exclaimed, as the light in the library showed the change in her face, "what is the matter? There is something wrong."

"There is not. Rob, I have had a book accepted."

"What? A book? You have written a book?"

"And an editor has accepted it."

"Of course he has. Any editor that you would honor with a manuscript would accept it. Jean, I'm so glad. I can't tell you how glad. I'll wager it's the very best book that has ever been written. But how hard you must have worked. You are such a conscientious person that you put your whole soul into everything you do, and this book must represent long hours of work, the careful expression of your personality and the realization of a dream."

The joy, greater than before, had come back to her eyes. "Rob," she said solemnly, "you are the most understanding person I have ever seen."

The understanding person looked slightly bewildered. "I want to see the book immediately. I can't wait till it is published. Let me see the manuscript."

"It is only a simple, little tale of my own childhood."

"Then it is the story of a most adorable little girl who became an adorable, thoughtful, ambitious woman Of course Halstead is immensely pleased and proud."

"He is not. He does not realize what my accepted book means to me. He does not understand, as you do, that a woman has ambitions as real as a man's, and that for them she is willing to work and to suffer as a man does. He is so—so interested in himself and so proud of himself. Rob, a man's attitude toward a woman's dearest interest may decide her regard for him." She laid her hands on his shoulders and looked steadily into the eyes in which she saw the reflection of her own rapture and exaltation. "Your attitude, Rob, toward my little dream. You understand the dream. Don't you understand something else, Rob, dear?"

Appetite Not a Necessity.

Dr. John R. Murlin of New York, assistant professor of physiology at the Cornell university medical college, in an article in the October number of the Journal of the Outdoor Life, compares the food we eat to the fuel used in furnishing steam and power for an engine. In selecting our food he says that we should eat enough to furnish energy for the day's work, but that much more than this is not needed. He holds that the appetite is not a necessity for good digestion. "There is no fallacy of nutrition," he says, "greater than that which supposes that a food cannot be digested and utilized without appetite." Most of the food we eat, fully four-fifths, goes to supply energy for our everyday tasks, while less than one-fifth goes to supply building material.

Immensity of Nature.

They were on a trip to Switzerland, and had that day braved all dangers and ascended one of the highest points in the Alps.

He was very fat, and as he stood panting and mopping his brow at the top of the mountain, he turned to his wife and said, with pathos in his voice:

"See, dear, how small one is in the face of the immensity of nature."

"Small, indeed!" answered his better half. "Why, you're standing in front of me, hiding the whole of Mont Blanc and the best part of the valley of Chamonix!"—Exchange.

Restored Courage.

The southern lover was impetuous, says the author of a recent book of reminiscences of eastern Virginia, entitled "Memory Day," and the maiden was timid and unused to passionate proposals of marriage. "Oh, don't!" she interrupted in a whisper. "You frighten me dreadfully."

Overcome by contrition, the young man humbly apologized for his fervor, and a painful silence ensued. The girl broke it at last.

"Robert," she began, with a hopeful smile. "I don't think—I—shall—be so frightened this time."

Urgent Necessity.

A distinguished theologian was invited to make an address before a Sunday school. The divine spoke for over an hour and his remarks were of too deep a character for the average juvenile mind to comprehend. At the conclusion, the superintendent, according to custom, requested some one in the school to name an appropriate hymn to sing.

"Sing Revive Us Again," shouted a boy in the rear of the room.—Life.

The time a man begins to fear for the future of his country is when he fears he is going to lose a job in the election.

Wedding Cake Pagoda.

At Mingun, on the right bank of the Irrawaddy river, about five miles from Mandalay, in Burma, there stands a peculiar pagoda known as the Wedding Cake Pagoda, because it looks like a marvelously magnified bridal cake. It was built in the early part of the nineteenth century, and is in thoroughly good preservation, only a few of the images inside having been broken. The extreme height to the top of the minaret is 80 feet and the circumference about 600 feet. The pagoda stands back from the river some 300 feet and is hidden from it by a grove of teak trees. Close to it is the famous Mingun bell.—Wide World.

In Defense of Beef Tea

Science After Despising Broths for Long Time Finds Out Why They Are Good.

From time immemorial beef tea, or a broth made in a similar manner from mutton or chicken, has been a feature of the sickroom, the pride of the housekeeper nurse, a source of comfort to the invalid, the invariable staple of the menu permitted by the physician.

When it was indisputably proved that the home-made broth was in no sense a food, humanity refused credence and invalids went ahead with their consumption of millions of gallons, persisting in the exhibition of sure signs of convalescence and demanding with insistence further supplies of the fragrant potion.

Dr. Thomas Darlington, in a recent issue of the New York Medical Journal, shows at last the reason of this unshakable faith. Broth is one of the few genuine stimulants in the armamentarium now that alcohol is known to be a narcotic. The experiments of Pawlow on dogs demonstrate that the savory liquid is powerfully stimulant to the gastric secretion and other digestive fluids, with the result that real food, given with or after the broth, is speedily and gratefully assimilated.

Milk, which disagrees with so many people, will cause no distress if administered after a cup of hot broth. The mere flavor of meat is thus shown to be necessary and valuable to digestion. What caused disgust among the troops in the Spanish war was that the preserved meat, while retaining all of its nutritive principles, had lost its aromatic constituents, gone to make the despised extract for the preparation of broths.

The physician may henceforth advise beef tea and meat broths generally with a clear conscience and scientific satisfaction; they have triumphed over their enemies and detractors and will resume their honored station upon the invalid's tray as unapproachable adjuvants to digestion and assimilation, adding one more example to the list of remedies founded in crass empiricism, but finding at last a true scientific basis for their raison d'etre.

Tickets Not Transferable.

The Brighton Railway company, which has just passed its seventieth anniversary, was, although not the first company to run an excursion train, the first one to run a regular service of such trains at low fares Half a crown was the fare for a day trip to Brighton and back in the early '70s, but after a time the company found that it was losing money by the return halves being openly sold. Rather than stop the cheap trains, however, it prosecuted the touts who crowded Brighton station and importuned persons to sell or buy return halves. It was successful and, settled the important question from the railway point of view that a ticket expresses a personal contract and is therefore not transferable.—London Chronicle.

A Good Risk.

"Why did you trust this struggling young man for all these goods?" demanded the senior partner.

"I thought his prospects looked pretty fair," replied the junior partner. "He's struggling to marry an heiress, with very good prospects of success."

Man Stole Love Letters

Then the Girl Had Him Arrested for Burglary—And Trouble Grows.

Charged with taking love letters from the apartment of Miss Adelaide Lander, the orchestra leader in the St. George apartments, Archibald N. Campbell was held in $1,000 bail by Magistrate Butts in Yorkville court.

Miss Lander was not in court; Campbell stood silent throughout the proceedings; Detective Taczkowski, who had the two dozen letters, kept them and their contents carefully concealed; and the only touch of color in the brief hearing was that furnished by the bright red hair of Mrs. Lottie Guyer, the janitress, whose promptitude in calling the police led to Campbell's arrest.

"They were very good friends," Mrs. Guyer told the court.

"Did the defendant live there?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't know," the witness said. "He came there often for a long time."

Magistrate Butts glanced at Campbell, who had given his address as the St. George apartment house. Campbell is a tall, slender man of thirty. He held his soft gray hat with its rim just touching his cheek and gazed earnestly at the judge; but he said nothing.—New York Evening Mail.

How Cholera is Cured

The success of the sea water treatment for infants suffering from summer cholera is indisputable. In the Quinton Polyclinic in Poland street there is an incessant waiting line of babies.

When one has become accustomed to the sight of the emaciated babies with old, gray faces, pale cheeks and big lustreless eyes, there is much to interest. In the quiet room at the back sits the doctor entering case after case in the big folios as anxious mothers bring in the children. With written directions they pass from here to the room upstairs where the cylinders of sea water hang around the room, and the nurse goes about the circle of infants, connecting each with a cylinder by means of a tube and hypodermic syringe.

The puncture is made in the back, and almost instantly a great blister rises. It is the sight of this fantastic swelling which makes the mothers at the first treatment hysterical and in some cases faint, and so one sees the stronger minded fathers there awkwardly undressing the little ones, tying up the strings after the injection, and saving their wives the nervous strain. The saving of infant life by this new treatment during the hot weather is undoubted.—European Letter to the New York Sun.

BAD FAULT IN A HUSBAND

Failure to Notice the Food Given Him Makes Him Hard to Put Up With.

It is a question which is the worst fault in a husband, to be too fastidious about what he eats, or not to be fastidious enough.

The sort of man who looks contemptuously at the dish passed to him, and asks if the cook has any brains that she contrives so little variety in the menu, is, of course, intolerable; but there is another sort of man with whom it is just as hard to put up.

A woman who married a short while ago discovered this to her sorrow. She married with the excellent resolve of making her husband happy by the steady practice of the domestic virtues, but his palate was so poorly developed that unless an article of food was absolutely unwholesome or burnt to a cinder, he never discovered any fault in it. Neither did he discover any merit in the noblest masterpiece of the culinary art; by the finer shades of flavoring and quality he remained unmoved, and even if his wife gave him a lead by remarking about some special fair, "Isn't this delicious?" all the response she received was, "Yes, dear," in an absent-minded manner.

He belonged to that inhuman class which eats to live, instead of living to eat, and resembled a certain old gentleman who went to a restaurant day after day and invariably ordered a chop and chipped potatoes. On one occasion he was given steak and mashed potatoes instead, and afterwards the waiter apologized for the mistake. "Didn't I have chop, as usual?" the old gentleman asked. "I never noticed."

British Modesty.

A very loyal lady of British birth asked an American dame in England whether they had any painters in America. "Oh, yes," said the American, "you have some of them here—Sargent and Abbey and Mrs. Merritt and McClure Hamilton." "Dear me," said the English lady, "you'll be claiming Whistler next!"